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MORAL

POEMS.

BY THE

AUTHORS

OF THE

REVIEW.

[Price One SHILLING.]

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BRITISH MUSEUM
DEC

MORAL

POEMS.

BY THE

AUTHORS

OF THE

REVIEW.

DEDICATED

To the MEMBERS of the

ROYAL SOCIETY.

———————*Nos quoque vates*

Dicunt Piſtores, ſed nos non Credimus illis.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR L. DUN.

MDCCLV.

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MORAL

TO THE

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Profound IMMERGISTS

INTO the deep wells of knowledge, the up and down expatiations of whose penetrating minds, the altitude of no Hill, not even of

DEDICATION.

Teneriff's proud pike can eſcape, nor the deep down declivity of any vale ſculk unkenn'd b ; nor any cavern, from the fam'd peak of Derby to the peaklets of Covent Garden, remain unpeep'd into: We moſt reverentially ſalute You; We authors of a Rowe, whom *Pater noſter* GRIFFITH *panem quotidianum dat*; for his is the property, the publication, and receipts of *The* REVIEW,

DEDICATION.

REVIEW, now and hereafter to be; *Amen:* Since we can't help it.

PERMIT us, erudite Sirs, from the faint orient of our infant merit, to hail the preternatural blaze of your meridian fame, whose conglomerate effulgence almost dazzles and dissolves us into our primitive, now occidental, nothingness; wherefore in burning haste, and melting confusion,

fusion, we dare subscribe our-
selves Yours, and the Pub-
lic's,

Most declin'd,

Periodic, and

Menstrual flux

of the Dunciad

D. D.

L. D.

M. D.

A. B.

A. M.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

TO prevent all diſputes among the learn'd, about the meaning of our *Motto*, we do not think it amiſs to explain it.

Though the baker, and his club, ſay we are good poets, yet, from our known modeſty, we are inclined to be diffident: Of which the following poems are proof ſufficient.

CONTENTS.

POSTSCRIPT.

TO prevent all diſputes among the learn'd, about the meaning of our Motto, we do not think it neceſſary to explain it.

Though the humble Author of this ſmall, but we hope not contemptible Collection, is ſenſible that ſome of the following Poems are not ſufficiently

BRITISH MUSEUM
DEC

MORAL POEMS.

The *Wonderful* GROT.

Mais je l'aime, et veux que mes Vers,
Dans tous les Coins de l'univers,
En faſſent vivre la Memoire;
Et ne veux penſer deſormais.
Qu'a chanter dignement la Gloire
Du plus bean cu qui fut jamais.

VOITURE.

BENEATH a chalky cliff is found,
Nor in the air, nor on the ground
A GROT! There Cupid keeps his court.
There Venus and her Nymphs reſort.
Cloſe ſhaded, it on Pillars ſtands;
Pillars ne'er raiſed by mortal hands.
No marble can ſo poliſhed ſhew
Whiter they than Alpine ſnow.

From hence proceeds a magic dew,
That gives all things a gloſſy hue.
To glitt'ring ſtars it gives their birth,
With dewy gems it ſpangles earth.
When that the precious nectar flows,
Sporting beneath fond Zephyr glows.
On his glad wings aloft it flies,
And ſoaring twinkles o'er the ſkies:
Down to the earth from Heav'ns bright walls,
In pearly drops it ſparkling falls.
O wou'd it but unveil its face,
And with new light our dull world grace.
Deſerted SOL would ceaſe to ſhine,
Extinguiſh'd in a blaze divine.
O thither would the wanton tend
And make that point his journey's end.
There would he revel, baſk, and joy
'Mongſt blooming ſweets that never cloy.
O 'tis ſo ſweet, ſo mild, ſo gay,
As Autumn ripe, as mild as May.
'Tis ſweeter than the flow'rs in June,
The ſaddeſt heart 'twould put in tune.
Than ſportive kids, than fauns, more gay:
The gods themſelves with it do play.
Than infants huſh'd it is more mild,
Yet ſometimes pouting like a child;
And angry ſwells into a pet,
If it too ſcant allowance get:

And fondly mouthing ſeems to ſay,
Ah why my dear this long delay?
Moſt ſtrange it is, a thing ſo mild,
Should chuſe a mate than ſtorms more wild.
No barrier can his rage with-hold,
As Tygers fierce, as Lions bold;
But let him have his head-ſtrong way,
Like froward infants tired with play,
When of his wiſh he's quite poſſeſt,
He'll nodding, ſobbing, ſoundly reſt.
He's of a gameſome merry kind,
But various like the changing wind.
His body's of a ſnowy hue,
Neatly diverſified with blue:
He's ſoft as ſilk, as hot as fire;
His very touch makes belles expire.
But lo he comes all bluſhing red,
As Phœbus haſtes to Thetis' bed.
To meet, ſhe obvious fain would go,
And ſpeaks his welcome in dumb ſhew:
And be He great, or be He ſmall
With eager love ſhe claſps him all.
She greets him round with balmy kiſſes,
Fondly excites tranſporting bliſſes.
How cloſe ſhe preſſes,
Hugs and careſſes:
To her he ſighs his tender fears,
And, doom'd to part, burſts out in tears.

HAPPINESS.

Qualis nox fuit illa, Dii Deæque,
Quam mollis torus! hæſimus tepentes,
Et transfudimus hinc et hinc labellis
Errantes animas———

PETRON.

UNLAC'D CORINNA ſhews her wanton charms;
Kindled I view, and dart into her arms.
Our hearts beat riotous! O luſcious fight!
Convulſive Graſpings heighten our delight.
Fierce Love unſluices all his warmer ſprings;
The glowing tide tumultuous rapture brings;
The torrents mix!—born on a bliſful ſea,
We ſwim delirious, faint, and ſink away!

VICTORY.

VICTORY.

Ite triumphales circum mea tempora laurì
Vicimus; in noſtro eſt ecce Corinna ſinû.

CROWN me ye laurels, I've poſſeſt her charms,
Bluſhing CORINNA pants within my arms.

PIOUS EJACULATIONS.

Impatiens Priapus tundendo viscera pungit.

BRISK Fryar John a merry wight,
His convent's pride and comfort hight,
With rosy cheeks, and double chin,
To kiss a wench he thought no sin.

THE midnight hour's th' appointment made,
T'Uncase his holy masquerade.
Obedient to from heav'n a call,
The zealous vot'ry scales the wall.
From virtue drawn by him astray,
Thro' a bar'd window screws her way.

Friar JOHN.

" TAKE not my dear these rubs amiss,
" For narrow is the road to bliss.
" Welcome thou paragon of charms,
" O haste into my longing arms."
Enter'd, he lays her quickly down,
She soon as cover'd by the gown,
With drawling voice, and rolling eyes,
Wriggling addresses to the skies.

The LASS.

" UNDER thy ſhade O lord I lie,
" O grant me but ſterility."
On Chriſtian nymph like Jew or Turk
Does the lewd battering friar work.

'TWAS then the Prior walk'd his round,
Stop'd as he heard a ruſtling ſound.
Taps at the door——" and, *Benedicite*;
" What noiſe diſturbs tranquility?

Fryar JOHN.

" THE dev'l incarnate's here within
" And fain would tempt poor John to ſin.

PRIOR.

" To drive th' infernal beaſt away
" Five *Paters* and ten *Aves* ſay *."

* In devotion exchange one *Pater* is equal to two *Aves*.

Fryar

Fryar JOHN.

" I HAVE, and *conn'd* my beads; nay more:
" With holy water drown'd the floor.
" To make grim Satan ſooner part,
" And vent the ardour of my heart,
" I have *ejaculations* made."
" God bleſs your work," the Prior ſaid.

The AGREEABLE SURPRIZE.

Iterumque, iterumque repoſcit.

FAM'D BELVIDERA for ſome frolick,
Hyſterics, vapour, or the cholic,
Reſolv'd (perchance for whimſey-ſake)
A gentle ſquirt in bum to take.

SHE pronely lay upon her bed,
To fetch the drug-tube Letty ſped.
As charms poſterior lay expos'd,
Lo in ſteals Vafer well diſpos'd.

HE views her with deſiring eyes
And quick his inſtrument applies;
Not non-con-formiſt to foul dirt-hole,
But forward to love's genuine port-hole:
And ſuch a one few ſurgeons uſe;
'Twas ſuch as VENUS ſelf wou'd chuſe.
He briſkly tops th' injectors' part,
And gives a broad-ſide to her heart.
The warm exploſion tingling flies,
Enflam'd ſhe feels, diſſolving cries,
Her ſenſes drown'd in extaſy,
O— I could always clyſter'd be!

The

The RAMBLERS.

Voila ce que c'eſt que d'aller aux bois,
L'on y va deux, et l'on revient trois.

CHANSON.

ONCE on a day when ſummer dreſs'd the green,
And nought around but bloomy flow'rs were ſeen.
When golden Phœbus ſhot a gentle ray,
Olympus ſmil'd and all the fields were gay.
Thro' meads and groves advanc'd a lovely pair,
DAPHNIS the young, and ROSALINDA fair,
Of equal fortune both, of equal age,
Both warm in youth, and both love's pleaſing rage
With mutual ardour fir'd; as on they went
The pleaſing road in am'rous talk they ſpent.
The youth induſtrious to allure his love
Brought ev'ry flow'r that ſhone in mead, or grove.

He cull'd the faireſt to adorn her breaſt,
And fondly wiſh'd to be as cloſely preſt.

Now they arrive at the long wiſh'd for
place,
Kind nature deck'd with a peculiar grace.

There cooling zephyrs fann'd the op'ning
glade,
There flow'd a gentle ſtream, there roſe an
ambient ſhade.
As here they ſat protected from the ſun,
With a fond ſmile the loving youth begun.

"Behold fair maid, how bounteous na-
"ture round,
"With flow'ry gems beſpangles all the ground;
"Their birth to know, makes reaſoning block-
"heads pauſe:
"O blind to truth—PRODUCTIVE LOVE's the
"cauſe.
"When the ſoft cloud deſcends in kindly
"ſhow'rs,
"And thro' the earth its genial moiſture
"pours,
"The juice prolific makes each bud appear,
"And thence ariſe the glories of the
"year.

"The

"THE feather'd wooers in the ſhady
"grove
"Loudly proclaim the energy of love.
"The purling ſtream that flows beneath our
"feet
"Murmurs its love in melody ſo ſweet.
"Since then all things kind VENUS' tranſports
"know
"Ah why ſhou'd we the pleaſing taſk fore-
"goe?
"O let us now the precious time employ
"While whiſp'ring nature prompts us on to
"joy."

THUS ſpoke the youth, and with a kiſs inſtill'd
Th' inciting paſſion—the warm virgin thrill'd
In ev'ry vein—the ardour gains her heart—
But pretty miſs muſt play the coy ones part.
Her heaving breaſts with indignation ſwell;
She calls him villain, reprobate moſt fell.
The phantom honour ſtarts before her eyes,
Rapid as lightning from the youth ſhe flies.

HE not to loſe the conqueſt of the day,
Purſues the fair thro' ev'ry winding way.

At length she turns to make this stern reply,
"From whence, bold youth, take you this "liberty?
"Lost is my *fame* should we be seen alone."
Of *fame* she talks, and in a haughty tone.

The youth persists his fair one to implore:
She still denies, but he still urges more.

CUPID by chance lit near them in the grove,
And saw the fond contention of their love.
The partial god to Daphnis' succour flies,
Plies quick his bow, "Yield, yield fair maid," he cries.

Stricken she feels love's sharp resistless dart,
Sighs; falls: to Daphnis yields a willing heart.

Of conquest sure, the charm'd, impatient boy,
Rushes, impetuous, to inviting joy.

CUPID around them draws a fragrant veil
From prying eyes their raptures to conceal.
Soon as th' endearments of their love were o'er,
And the god wafted to IDALIA's ſhore,
Expos'd to ſight ſhone ROSALINDA's charms:
The raptur'd youth lay panting in her arms.
Amaz'd they ſtarted as they heard me near:
He fled for ſhame: ſhe cried, "Good ſir, what "cheer?
"Pray make no noiſe, for this is ſacred ground,
"I and my couſin have a bird's neſt found.
"Did'ſt meet him, ſir, he's juſt about my "age:
"The bird belongs to him, but mine the "cage."

SMILING I hear'd, and, ſmiling, went a-way,
Pleas'd at th' adventure of the ſportful day.
Enchanting ſex! how wond'rous are thy feats,
Than truth, oft times, more lovely are thy cheats.

THE TRUE

LOVER'S KNOT:

A

Political-Allegorical Drama.

——cedamus Amori,
Connubio jungam ſtabili, propriamque dicabo.

VIRG.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OLD SUB-POENA, *from* Dover.

GOODY ALMA, *of* Windſor.

DAMON, Sub-Pœna's *Son.*

PHYLLIS, Alma's *Daughter,*

The Scene is in any part of England.

ADVERTISEMENT *to the* PUBLIC.

THIS Entertainment has been calculated rather for repreſentative action, which would be far more pleaſing to the generality of ſpectators, than a cool unintereſting peruſal in the cloſet; but as we apprehended a ſtop from the licenſer, and a prejudice in the managers of both theatres againſt us, we have ſubmitted, like other great geniuſes, to publiſh it, even to our detriment, for the public good.

ADVERTISEMENT to the PUBLIC.

THE TRUE
LOVER'S KNOT, &c.

DAMON. PHYLLIS.

DAMON.

O Cure, young nymph, a bleeding heart,
Where love has plung'd his fiery dart.

PHYLLIS.

O fie, young Damon, ſay not ſo,
What you do lack, full well I trow.

DAMON.

Since then you know, what I do lack,
Let me with you your beauties ſnack.

PHYLLIS

PHYLLIS.

I pray no more of this vile talk,
For I your naughty ſcheme will balk.
Since I diſcover what you drive at,
I'll hence, and home, remain in private.

DAMON.

As well might Sol, bright god of day,
Reſolve to leave the world for aye,
As you, bright nymph, at home remain.
O think——'twou'd kill your wounded ſwain.

PHYLLIS.

And what care I, if that you die,
'Twill near draw tear into mine eye.

DAMON.

Since you're ſo cruel, I do ſwear,
I'll have by force what you won't ſhare.

PHYLLIS.

By force quoth'a, I'll run away,
And hide beyond yon cock of hay.

DAMON.

If you do run, I'll quickly after,
And give you ſomething for your laughter;
Nooſe you, my dear, in love's own tether,
That we may kindly die together.

PHYLLIS.

Oh Damon, Damon, you're a rogue;

DAMON.

To you my heart I diſembogue.

PHYLLIS.

Why don't I run, why do I ſtay?

DAMON.

'Cauſe tender love does whiſper, nay.

PHYLLIS.

Unhand me, Damon, I'll away.

Exit.

DAMON.

And after, I——— [*Runs after her.*

Enter GOODY ALMA.

———Where is my daughter:
For up and down this hour I've ſought her.
But, bleſs mine eyes, what do I ſee
Stand by the hay-cock near yon tree?
'Tis varlet Damon; what's he doing:
I-fac my girl he is a cooing.
Pray heav'n they han't paſs'd children's play:
Shou'd it prove ſo, ah well-a-day!
But this way comes the loving pair,
Fondling, blithe, and debonair.

Enter DAMON *and* PHYLLIS.

Ah daughter, daughter, why ſo blowz'd
As if by Damon y'ad been towz'd,
You look—I hope he means to wed you.
If not, h'as with a witneſs ſped you.

PHYLLIS.

That, dear mother's already done.

DAMON.

Tho' lately two, we're now but one.

ALMA.

ALMA.

Kiſs me both— (*kiſſes then*) hie for *buxom-joan.*

[*They dance to the tune of the* Black-Joke.

Enter SUB-POENA *angry.*

My boy ſhall not be thus ſeduc'd.
Unleſs the marriage proof's produc'd;
I'll ſend him from her far away.

ALMA.

Old net-work ſpider, what dar'ſt ſay?
Com'ſt thou to blaſt the children's play?
Hence, begone, old father ſpoil-pudding.
Oh what a ferment is my blood in?

SUB-POENA.

What, miſtreſs Termagant, doſt mock
A father's care?

ALMA.

Old Put, you ſhock,
Nature, ſenſe, love, and feeling.
At what they've done my own head's reeling!
Cou'd you, *Sub-Pœna*, do as much,
You'd find your *Alma* to the touch
As timely ſtrike as any dial?

SUB-POENA.

Wou'dſt raviſh me, you hag? o' fie! all
Maids, women, young and old, are mad.
This haſty wedding makes me ſad.

ALMA.

Do'ſt doubt our vartu, ſapleſs wizard?
I'll ſtick my nails into thy gizard.

SUB-POENA.

Thou choak'ſt me, 'prithee looſe thy hold—
What caſh can for thy girl be told?

ALMA.

ALMA.

Five hundred pounds I now will pay,
And as much more on dying day.

SUB-POENA.

That very ſumm I now will give,
And as much more at death will leave.
So now my bleſſing on you both.

ALMA.

Keep true to love, and plighted troth.

SUB-POENA.

However parents' tempers jangle;
Their int'reſt ſquar'd: ſoon ends the wrangle.
From ſuits, abuſes, and vexations.
They gladly change to gratulations.

PHYLLIS.

So, let true lovers ne'er deſpair,
We are heav'n's peculiar care.

DAMON.

DAMON.

However laws 'gainſt paſſion ſtrive,
Triumphant nature will ſurvive.

CHORUS.

So, let, &c.

[*A dance. Exeunt.*

AN

AN APOLOGETIC

ADDRESS

TO THE

SENSIBLE PART

OF THE

HUMAN SPECIES.

AN APOLOGETIC

ADDRESS

TO THE

SENSIBLE PART

OF THE

HUMAN SPECIES.

AN APOLOGETIC ADDRESS, &c.

Honour'd claſs of Beings,

ON reading our advertiſement of MORAL POEMS, *by the authors of the* REVIEW, *&c.* ye perhaps expected dry encomiums on the ſeveral miſtakenly call'd VIRTUES; and finding the only that is, communicative *Virtue* derived from *Virtus* Manhood, ſo profuſely celebrated: ye have broke out into the old trite ejaculation, *O Tempera, O mores,*

which is tantamount to, "who could "have thought it:" But ye will alter your opinion, with the concluſion of this addreſs.

OTHERS, not leſs in error, may idly attempt to defend us, by ignorantly aſſerting, "Moſt certainly this "cannot be the work of the Re-"viewers, but muſt be that of ſome "enemy conceal'd under their name, "with a deſign to hurt them in the "eyes of ſober people. Thus the "chaſte profeſſor MEURSIUS was de-"ſtroyed in the eyes of many moral "men, on account of elegant, but "moſt lewd, dialogues publiſh'd

"with

" with his name; the device of ſome " ingenious, but libertine, ſtudents, " he had offended." But all ſuch ſuggeſtion is entirely without foundation.

OUR enemies profeſt will be as groſly out, ſhould they waggiſhly obſerve, " That the dull fraternity, " to give ſome proof of wit, by way " of anſwer to the many charges of " dullneſs laid againſt them, in imi- " tation of *Bayes*, affect to be ob- " ſcene, as he ſlily does, by making " his miſtreſs call him *mon vi* for *ma* " *vie*, to prick, as it were, his maſ-

"culine fondneſs on her female de-
"ſires."

We not only, in imitation of ſound pagan philoſophers, but alſo like virtuous chriſtians, have undertaken to celebrate the moſt *noble parts* of the creation,

Whence Heroes, Kings, and Demi-gods
ariſe.

The more than academics aſſerted, That idle, unnatural modeſty is a meer bug-bear invented by nurſes, to frighten young children of both ſexes from each other; and that every thing ought to be call'd by its own proper name. However we have not ventured to go

ſo

ſo far, for fear of offending too much in our firſt attempt. — Reformations muſt be broach'd gently.

THE moſt *noble parts* of to us cognizable creation, are animated Beings; of animated beings *the human ſpecies:* of the human ſpecies, what is in them call'd *noble parts* by excellence, and which by ſpurious virtue, and adulterating modeſty, are called *the ſhameful parts.* —— ſhame come to thoſe that call them ſo;—— for as JULIET prettily ſays, *ſhame* would be *aſhamed* to ſit thereon.

WHAT do unbigotted male Roman-catholicks mean, when in their merry-makings, they drink a round to *the mother of all ſaints*? what, the Preſbyterian ladies, when they devoutly ſip libations to the ſucceſs of *riſing virtue?* what, Church-folks, male and female, when they celebrate the *naked truth?* What? Let our enemies anſwer, bearing a ſtrict regard to veracity.

As for the regularity of our proceeding, we have, on one hand, quoted the doctrine of antient philoſophers; ſo, on the other, we can entrench ourſelves under the precedent of

of the greateſt chriſtian epic poet, to wit, our Engliſh MILTON.

Nor thoſe *myſterious parts* were then conceal'd,
Then was not guilty *ſhame*, diſhoneſt ſhame
Of nature's works, honour diſhonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With ſhews inſtead, meer ſhew of ſeeming pure,
And baniſh'd from man's life, his happieſt life.

FOR an elucidation of the ſenſe here, read our *wonderful* GROTE: But as the end of all theory is the reducing it to practice; let's now to ACTION,

ACTION, in which, well executed, never are,

Nor gentle purpoſe, nor endearing ſmiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beſeems
Fair couple, linkt in happy mutual love
Alone as they.——

NOW review our HAPPINESS and VICTORY, which compleat, what is here preluded to?

BUT as under the preſent happy eſtabliſhment, it is not ſufficient to be good *chriſtians* in the general ſenſe; but it is alſo neceſſary to give particular proofs of our Proteſtantiſm: which we have ſufficiently done by firſt ridiculing, and next eradicating Popery. See

Pious

Pious EJACULATIONS, and *the* AX *laid to the Root of* POPERY; which proceſs muſt be by all allowed to be polemically *methodic*, and ought to recommend us to the friendſhip of the Tabernacle near *Moor-fields*, at the genial ſolemnization of their *love feaſts*, where kind females model their deportment on their illuſtrious Proto-type.

So ſpake our gen'ral mother, and with eyes
Of amorous attraction unreprov'd
And meek ſurrender, cloſe embracing lean'd
On our firſt father, half her ſwelling breaſts
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her looſe treſſes hid.

THE poſtern expedition ſomewhat ſoften'd under the title of AGREEABLE SURPRIZE, is an indirect and genteel way of bidding *Popery* kiſs our A-r-es.

THE RAMBLERS are an imitation of the firſt love ſcene in open air; *Sub Dio*; *a la Belle etoile.*

So paſs'd they naked on———

The pleaſing remembrance of which ought to be ever dear to us all. Who does not imagine to hear their tender dialogues?

Thus talking hand in hand alone they paſs'd
On to their bliſsful bower.

And,

And, like *Daphnis*, after deſcanting on the works of the creation, obſerve,

——Into their inmoſt bower
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off
Theſe troubleſome diſguiſes which we wear,
Strait ſide by ſide were laid; nor Eve the rites
Myſterious of congenial love refus'd.

The true Lovers Knot, which compleats our intended ſyſtem, is a pretty ſort of allegorical, ſarcaſtical, poetical, dramatical, farcical innuendo againſt a certain notorious affair, enacted by certain great folks; but virtuouſly oppoſed by other folks,

full as great, ay marry greater than they. Our concluding ſtanza manifeſts what ſide of the queſtion we, and the publick, are on: Therefore

Whatever hypocrites auſterely talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence,
Defaming as impure, what GOD declares
Pure, and commands to ſome, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids INCREASE; who bids ABSTAIN
But our deſtroyer, foe to God and Man?

So,

So, lads and laſſes, in the name of the DUNCIAD, fall to, pall-mall. What MILTON ſung we ſay; and ſhould any perſon, through prejudice of education, demur againſt what we have here, from a ſpirit of learning, chriſtianity, and Patriotiſm, advanc'd, let them, for a quieting ſolution of their doubts, addreſs their objections, to all, or any of Us, under the ſtaring letters of Titulation, by which we are capitally branded to be GRIFFITH'S.

We ſhall give an impartial account of this admirable collection in our next Review, without fee or reward whatſoever; which we hope will invalidate the aſperſions, promulgated by ſome malignants, to our diſadvantage, to wit,

THAT we praiſe but when we are paid, and cenſure to extort fees: Shou'd this ever appear, we ſhall deſervedly paſs for an infamous mercenary ſet; and be deſpiſed as informers of the worſt ſort.

FINIS CORONAT OPUS.